

LAUGHS.



HE WAS OUT.

The professor is highly engaged in his study and therefore will not receive any callers. Suddenly there is a loud rapping at his door and, as it does not cease, he goes to the door and says, anxiously: "Don't you see that I am not at home to-day?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*



IN SCHOOL.

Teacher: "Can you tell me what a secret is?"
Boy (a sausage-maker's son): "Yes. What my father makes his sausage of."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG DOCTORS.



Young doctors should always hurry along at a breakfast pace; this gives the idea that you are much in request.



Let the patients wait a good time before they can see you; this will improve your reputation in the long run.



If you are called to see a very influential patient, hire a carriage, if only for half an hour.



If you are at a meeting or concert, always get a friend to summon you away in a dreadful hurry.



Visitor at Insane Asylum: "What made this poor fellow insane?"
Attendant: "Because the girl that he loved jilted him."



Visitor: "And what was the cause in the case of No. 9 here?"
Attendant: "O, he married the girl that jilted No. 6."—*Das Kleine Witzblatt.*

Amended to Suit.
"How did your Chicago friend make his money?"
"Inherited it."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, born with a silver knife in his mouth, as it were."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Written Proposal.
Scribbles: "I wrote a story once that came near winning a \$50,000 prize."
Fribbles: "What was it—'The Girl's Father'?"
Scribbles: "The girl's father."—*Chicago News.*

A Difficult Case.
First Lawyer: "How did you come out in settling up old Gotrox's estate?"
Second Lawyer: "It was a hard struggle."
"Yes; I had hard work to keep the heirs from getting part of the estate."—*Ohio State Journal.*

Singular.

"My entire clerical force went out on strike yesterday," said Bluffman.
"That so?" replied the caustic man.
"What was his grievance?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Getting a Grateful Glance.
She: "Sometimes I think you don't love me any more."
He (reproachfully): "How could I love you any more?"—*Summersville Journal.*

Where She Generally Wore It.
Of course the conductor never knew why she giggled when he remarked:
"Careful, miss; always get off a car with your face in front."—*Baltimore News.*

The Only Ones Who Regard It So.
"Over in France they hold their elections on Sunday."
"This must make Sunday a pretty serious day for the candidates."

Just a Hint.
City Editor: "Why do you insist that the Colonel is a candidate? Didn't he tell you himself that he wasn't?"
Political Reporter: "Yes; but the very next minute he invited us to have a drink."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Slow Progress.
His Dog: "How is the courtship getting on?"
Her Dog: "Not very fast. They still talk about books."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Revolutionary.
Jimson: "Where did Whistler, the great four-revolution somersaultist, learn to do his act?"
Jester: "I believe he used to live in Venezuela."—*Boston Post.*

Good Training.
"There's a boy that'll be President of the United States some day."
"Think so?"
"I know it. Ain't a horse in the country that kin throw him."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Will It Come to This?
"You admit you stole the horse?"
"Yes, your honor, but there are extenuating circumstances."
"What are they?"
"I stole the horse for my starving family, your honor."—*Exchange.*

A Question of Vital Importance.

The young man looked proudly at the sweet faced girl beside him.
"Dearest," he said, "I would urge you to marry me at once, but for one horrible doubt."

"A doubt, Edgar? Why, what can it be?"
"I will tell you my love. You know what my salary is. You know just what our expectations are. With care we could get along nicely."
"Yes, Edgar?"

"We could get along nicely if I could be convinced of one thing."
"What is that, Edgar?"
"Do you—can you—will you try to get along with out beef?"—*Exchange.*

Mayme: "See the lovely solitary engagement ring Jack gave me. Isn't it a beauty?"
Edith: "It certainly is. By the way, dear, what is Jack's occupation?"

Mayme: "He is superintendent of a glass factory."
Edith: "Hem! I thought so."—*Chicago Daily News.*

A Chance Yet.
"I am afraid," said the high-browed bard, "that my poetry will never attract public attention."
"Cheer up," said the loyal companion. "Maybe you'll get appointed to office one of these days and then everybody will talk about your poetry."—*Washington Star.*

A Strong Hint.
"I see that a Southern man is suing a secret society for \$25,000 damages because he was injured riding on a wooden goat."
"This ought to make the blamed fellows that want to be initiated understand that they'd better get a little practice in riding before they make their day-hoo."—*Exchange.*

The Invalid.
So greatly her doctor's bill shocked her, she cried: "I shall have to get better, dear, what is Jack's occupation?"
Mayme: "He is superintendent of a glass factory."
Edith: "Hem! I thought so."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Her Noble Deed.
"No wonder he loves her! Didn't she save his life?"
"Mercy! How?"
"Why, he said if she didn't accept him he'd go and kill himself, and she took him."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Side-Show Difficulties.

"What's the matter now?" asked the fat-tongued man.
"Why?" replied the fire eater, "the married lady says he'll get shaved if the manager doesn't pay him his last week's salary."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Is he a very reckless chauffeur?"
"Reckless?" Why, when the towns gathered to see him starting they order out the ambulances."—*Chicago News.*

"Yes, Philter broke down and had to go away for his health."
"What was the matter with him?"
"Every complaint known to man."
"How could that be?"
"He was a rental agent."—*Indianapolis News.*

Mrs. Quizzer: "What did our pastor preach about this morning, William?"
William: "About an hour and forty minutes."—*Ohio State Journal.*

She: "I want you to see my new piano the next time you call."
He: "When do you expect to get it?"
She: "Oh, in a half six months."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"He claims to be a good taker of horse-foes." "So he is. He has lived in a cheap boarding-house for years."

Mrs. Quizzer: "What made you quit your job, Jimmie?"
Jimmie: "One day I had a record of all the relations I'd had last summer, and he wouldn't let me use none of 'em over again. If I don't get a new job I can't see no hall games."—*Judge.*

The Cook: "Och, sorry, mum, but the walkin' eddicate av the Supreme eddicate av Cooks hav ordered me to throw up my job."

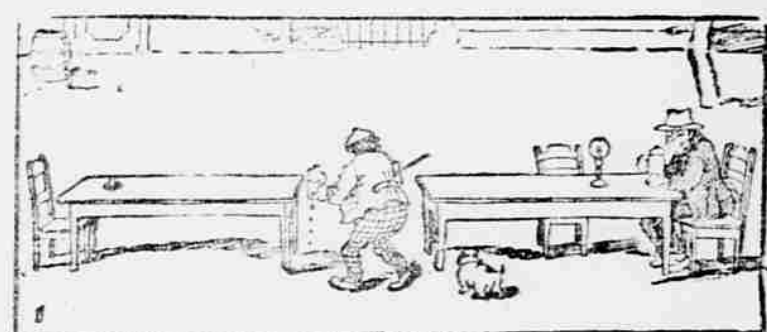
Mrs. Sublim (tearfully): "Och, Norah! What have I done?"
The Cook: "Nawthin', mum, but yer foolishness, instead of eddicate in a peddler's hat, yer shoon, it's dey better yesterday."—*Brooklyn Life.*

A Profitable Business.
"Don't you find it very strange," she asked the great man, "to have to furnish your autograph to so many persistent people?"
"Oh, no," he answered, "most of them send stamps, and I return the autograph on a postal card."—*Baltimore News.*

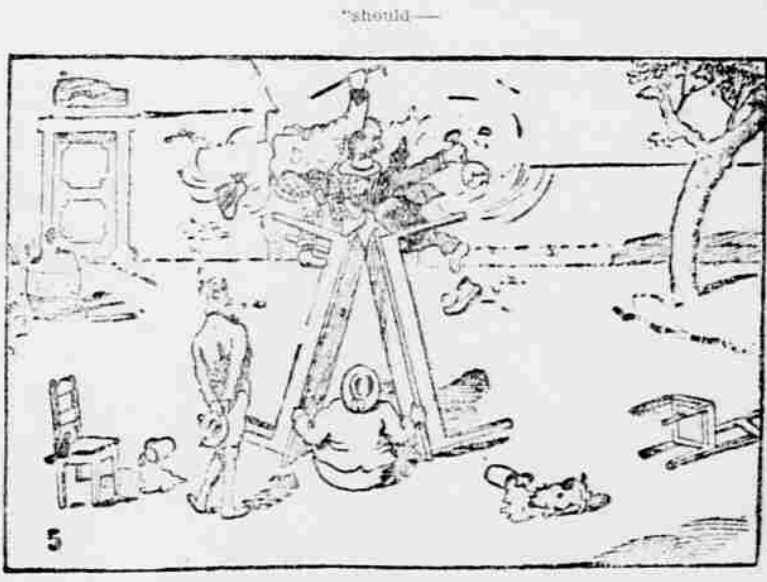
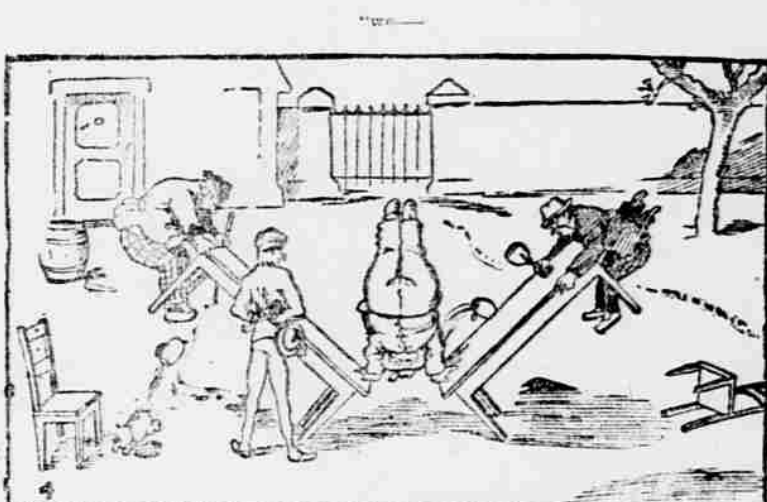
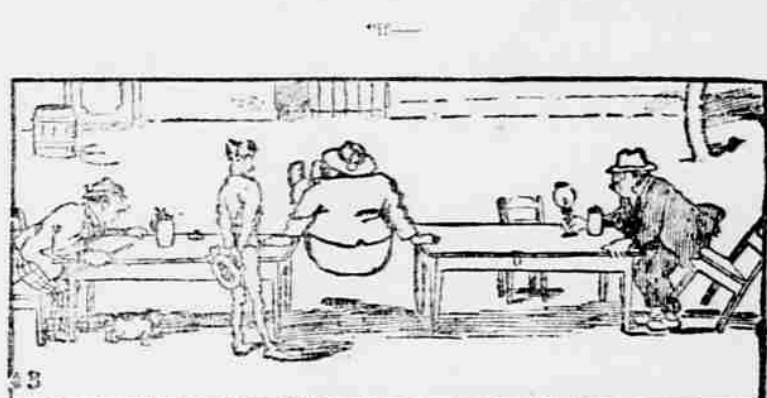
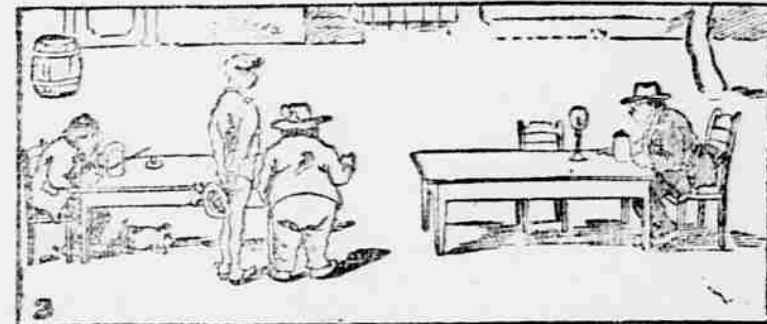


Lodging-house Keeper to servant, who is leaving after a month's notice: "I warn you, Mars, if you take any one to me I shall tell them the exact truth about you." Servant (threateningly): "An' if yer does I'll have yer up for infamations of character, so there!"—*The King.*

FATE CAME AS A FAT MAN.



"Limes! There sits my worst enemy, the scoundrel! Why can't I ever go anywhere without running across him? Well, I'd better sit as far away from him as I can get, because there surely will be a fight!"



In an Ice-Cream Parlor—He: "I wonder why it is so many men have succeeded in capturing the wealthy Miss Dillion?"
Sweet Girl between waitresses: "She has always been rich enough to buy her own ice cream."—*New York Weekly.*

He: "Dillion, what do you suppose I have done to day?"
She: "I couldn't guess in a hundred years."
He: "I have had my life insured."
She: "That's just like you, John Mann. All you seem to think of is yourself."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Question of Privilege. Mistress (after a heated discussion with argumentative cook): "Are you the mistress of this house, I should like to know?"
Cook: "No, ma'am, I ain't—but—"
Mistress (triumphantly): "Then don't talk like an idiot!"—*Punch.*

"Variety is the spice of life," said Cummings.
"That doesn't apply to the weather," objected Cawker.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Vindication.
The gentle cow looked sadly round. Her face suffused with shame, "For all the life that now abound, I should like to know."
"Good butter of an honest hue, fault by a rustic dame. The factory may hide from view, but I am not to blame."
"And when I am set forth as beef The grass they proclaim. Become a source of general grief. But I am not to blame."
"For I have simply done my best And tried no crooked game. The human beings did the rest. And I am not to blame."—*Washington Star.*

Exhausted Captain-Jane: "Judy had to get back to the res-ence." Kate: "What free?" Jane: "Oh, she got a college going round telling everybody how much good it did her."—*Detroit Free Press.*



Oh The Dog: "This sort of thing gives me the pips. Fat Freddie taking me out for exercise, indeed!"



Oh "It's getting too slow—I want excitement. That lazy kid would stay there for hours smoking. I see he's tied the cord round his waist, so, as Freddie won't take me home—"



Oh "Blowed if I don't take him!"

Aunt Sadie: "I fear Robert is an awfully careless fellow; I heard him say that he dropped \$5,000 in the street yesterday."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Geraldine: "Pa says his foot is asleep."
Gerald: "Tell him not to wake it on my account."—*The Smart Set.*

Patron: "When am I going to get my dinner? I've been waiting here twenty minutes."
Waiter: "That's more than I can tell, sir, and I've been waiting here twenty years."—*Exchange.*

A Distinction.
"Papa, were we descended from monkeys?"
"Not all of us, my boy; some were ascended."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Scene—Anywhere.
Customer: "I'd like a piece suitable for a roast."
Meat Market Man: "How much, madam?"
Customer: "As much as I can get for half a dollar. I want to make a roast beef sandwich."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Modern Method.
"I am writing a story of a struggling inventor."
"It won't do," answered the abruptly critical friend. "Inventors don't struggle nowadays. They let the people who are eager to buy stock do the struggling."—*Washington Star.*

Not Soothing.
"Whenever I'm inclined to lose my temper," said the philosophic man, "I just think to myself: 'Oh, there's no use getting mad.'"
"So do I," replied the excitable person, "and that makes me all the madder."—*Philadelphia Press.*

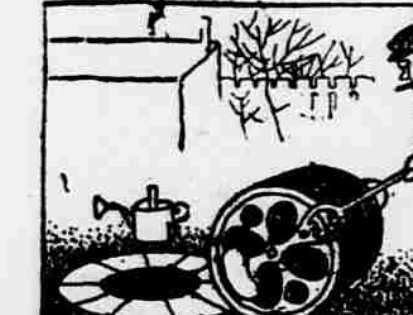
Reason Enough.
"What reason is there for the notion that it is especially unlucky to marry in May?"
"I don't know, unless it is that an especially large number of people have been married in May."—*Smart Set.*

STAGE TYPES.



From *Macbeth*.
The young gentleman who is like Irving—except when he is acting.

A LIFE SAVER.



Bulky tried the garden roller to reduce his weight—



But after his providential escape from rolling down into the well he has decided to remain as he is.

Election Day in the South.
"Well, old man, you're with me in this election, ain't you?"
"Marce Jim, did I ever fail you?"
"No, but one can't always tell how things are going, you know. Is there anything I can do for you?"
"No, sub—got it? I know on—unless you got 'bout six dollars wuth er house rent in 'er pocket?"
"Here it is."
"En three dollars wuth er groceries?"
"Here's the money."
"En two dollars wuth er street tax?"
"I'll fix it."
"En a couple er loose dollars, so's er I drap dead dey'll fin enough in my pocket ter see me home in a cab."
"Dat's all, sub; kept dat I so glad ter see you I feels lak takin' a dram ter drink yo' good bye!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Reckless Damage.
The parties to the latest French duel were arrested and fined for reckless shooting and damaging the public trees.—*Atlanta Constitution.*



Office Boy: "I'm getting tired of this job. Here's the boss left me another spring post to sweep out."

Making a Venetian Blind.
An Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair shop for a "job." After waiting for some time, the superintendent put him this question:
"Do you know anything about carpentry?"
"Sure, I'd like to see the man that can beat me at it."
"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"
"I do that."
"Tell me, then, how you'd make a Venetian blind?"
"Sure, I'd poke my finger in his eye."
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Oh, it is, really?" Then, I see you've made it all up yourself," said he.
—*Philadelphia Record.*

Madge: "I have a second cousin who is married to a Count."
Bridget: "That's nothing. My father rents his office from a man who has been presented at court."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*